The Bond

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The Bond

by TCbook

Summary

Hannibal Lecter wants to watch the video later.

Notes

SO MANY THANKS to my lovely beta @Hotmolasses

Also to all my support group and friends that keep me alive and writing, helped me with the development of this story and the whole series. I love you all guys.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Русский available: Связь by Krayn_Aletale

They would regret it someday, not now, but someday recording that so-important-moment in their lives would be a bad idea.

Bonding was the pinnacle of a single life, a bite that sealed the starting point of a new life as a pair. It was something that was hardly reversible. It was painful, agonizing, and could be lethal if they tried to undo it.

And Hannibal wanted to record it, because a visible mark on his neck was not enough, or so Will thought when the omega first mentioned the idea of capturing that intimate moment.

Will watched how Hannibal settled the camera over their dresser, he was sweating, shaking a little. Hannibal had woken up that morning feeling different, a little ill, his body showing him the first symptoms of an upcoming heat.

It had been almost three months since their wedding, the sunny day when they signed and said “I do” in front of their friends and colleagues, dancing and laughing at life giving them the perfect partner in crime.

Hannibal winced and cried softly while he tried to pretend that nothing was happening. Will helped to get everything ready for the next four or five days that the heat would last, and of course he was nervous for the big moment.

“Are you sure about this Hannibal? Recording it a-and me biting you right away? Of course because… yo-you are not even fully under the hea- haze yet and it will hurt.” Will pointed out, taking his clothes off more slowly than he ever did before.

“Will, there's nothing in my life I've wanted more than you being my mate, and over everything I do not wish to lose the memory of that moment under a heated rush of hormones fogging my mind.” Hannibal tried to steady his voice in every word, his accent getting richer while his body threatened to fall apart. While he was speaking he was also trying to get the buttons of his shirt undone, already damp with sweat, his scent getting heavy on Will's tongue.

“But… Hannibal I...” Will tried to protest, his hands peeling off the last pieces of clothing while his mind wandered over the reasons that would make him a good alpha, a good mate, a good partner for someone that expected nothing but deserved the best, because he was perfect.

Until Hannibal whined.

The sound made the cloud of thoughts vanish. The doubt fogging his mind gave in to the primal call of their sex, letting Will see the complete image of the life he would have with Hannibal as his forever partner, the family both craved so much, and the perfect company of the predator he knew so well.

“Will…” Hannibal said, laying over the bed, his breath, his body, everything expelling mouth-watering pheromones to lure his alpha, like a soft sheet of dust covering every inch

inside the room.

Will glanced one more time at the camera, licking his fangs before slowly getting on the bed, their stage for a life-changing performance. His hands roamed the omega's body followed by maddening little kisses over every joint, every flexed muscle, every blushing patch of heated skin.

Hannibal was visibly trying not to squirm under the soft touch of the alpha slowly slotting his body between Hannibal's legs, the smell of the heat starting to boil under the omega's skin, like the smell of electricity before a storm.

Will slid his feet under Hannibal's knees and scooted closer to him, until the heat of his slick brushed against his own thighs and dripped onto his balls. He needed Hannibal closer and pulled him up by his shoulders, until they were both sitting, facing each other, Hannibal spread wide, his thighs draped over Will's legs.

Will rocked against Hannibal as theircocks shyly brushed between them, the soft whines coming out of Hannibal encouraging Will to take more.

"Why do you want it to hurt, when I promised to keep you away from any harm? Why do you want to be conscious and feel the pain of my bite?" Will whispered the words like a prayer, scenting Hannibal's neck and chest while one of his hands took them both in the slow roll of hips.

"I want it to hurt. I prefer the pain over the oblivion, your pain over having no memories of the day I became complete with you. I want to remember it forever, Will."

Will moved to kiss Hannibal, trembling with anticipation. The rush of hormones started to make his body shake with need while he lifted Hannibal's hips and let him sink softly onto his cock, his entrance slicked and wanting in the preamble of heat.

Hannibal started to moan when he was completely seated over Will, their bodies slowly thrusting against each other in a little rocking motion on the bed, tender, slow movements before the turmoil of heat hit them with full force. Devotion from both gushed out of them in their scents perfectly mingling in the air, something the camera could not record.

Will moaned Hannibal's name between thrusts, sucking bruises over the place he would bite, lapping the soft skin there that soon would feel rough under his tongue with the scar.

"Oh Will." Hannibal repeated like a plea, Will's cock softly brushing that spot inside of him that made him tighten with pleasure.

Will started to rock and lift Hannibal harder, digging his fingers into Hannibal's hips, wanting to leave another mark on his firm body.

Both started to moan in tandem, harder every time Will pushed in, kissing Hannibal's mouth, licking inside of it before nuzzling his neck.

In one strong push Will let his knot press inside Hannibal, his rim opening to let him inside and then tightly squeezing to keep him in. Words of love being spilled from their mouths were muffled by the slap of skin against skin until Will opened his mouth to sink his teeth into the reddened area of Hannibal's neck. He bit right over the scent gland, which gushed another cloud of pheromones right inside Will's mouth, pure lust filling him along with the steady stream of blood that threw them over the edge. Will came with a growl, tasting the blood, filling Hannibal with enough semen to make him feel full, their bellies covered in Hannibal's come, smelling sweet and heated.

Will nuzzled his way to the omega's mouth, looking for any sign of discomfort, but heard only the loud thump of their hearts. He searched his scent for some pinch of distress but never found it; there was just Hannibal, purring his happiness as his eyes filled with tears.

"Mine." Will hissed, leaving a kiss over the wound while he heard the sweet purr coming from his omega, his eyes watering at the feeling of his body not being his anymore, an idle song with two strings playing in the back of their memory palace.

"Yes." Hannibal answered.

"It hurt." Will said, kissing the tears away.

"In the most beautiful way." the omega breathed out.

End Notes

I hope you all liked it!!
Your comments make me very very happy. Suggestions? Prompts? all welcome.

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